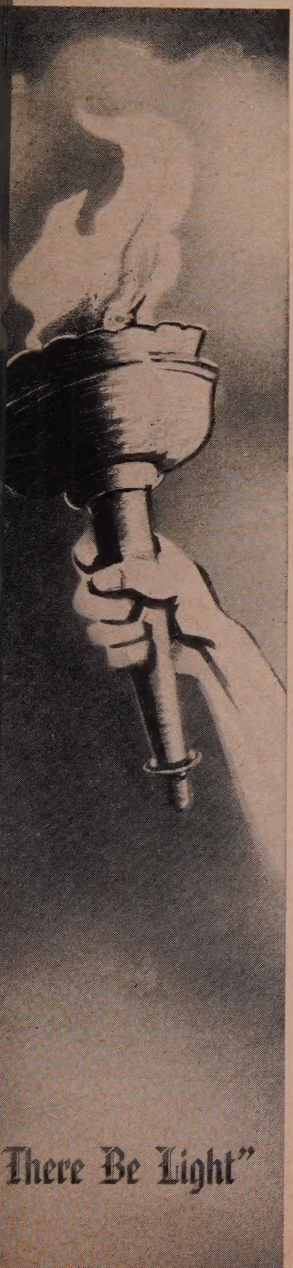
1.50 " year

SEPTEMBER, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



There Be Light"

ON, SONS OF TOIL

On, sons of toil, with brain and brawn
swing high your hammers free;
Let anvils clamor, fires relight
the skies with majesty.

Who dareth cry romance is dead?
who waileth for the old?
Lo, men of toil, ye crown the earth
with radiance untold.

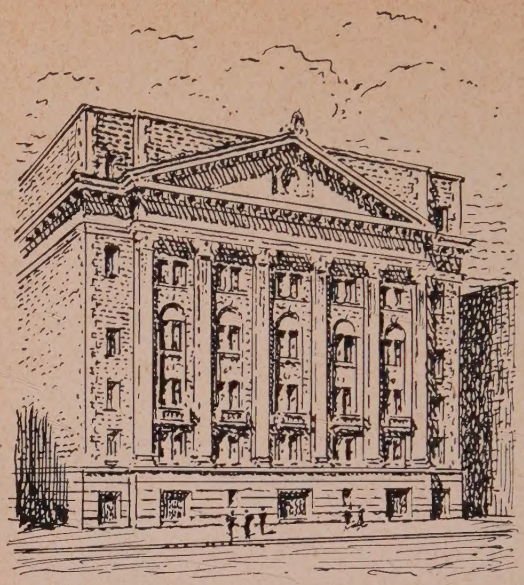
Uprear your towers to the clouds,
spin ye your leagues of rails,
Forge on your mighty shapes of steel,
fling airships to the gales.

Behold you, masters of the winds,
lords of the lands and seas;
Before your might the nations blend,
swept of vain boundaries.

Oh, ye that toil, blaze on the path
by seers and prophets trod;
With flame of labor guide mankind,
reveal the way to God.

Thornton Oakley

(From Poems of Justice,
Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **September, 1943** *Number 6*

PEOPLES CHURCH

OPENING SERVICE—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1943—
11:00 a.m. BROADCAST BY WJJD

OPENING SUBJECT—SEPTEMBER 19TH—"THINGS TO COME"
SEPTEMBER 26TH—"ON THE WATCH"

BROADCASTS BY DR. BRADLEY

SUNDAY

WJJD—Chicago, Ill. ..... 11:00 a.m.

DAILY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS AT THE HOURS LISTED

WGN—Chicago, Ill. ..... 7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak. ... 6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark. ..... 7:45 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn. ..... 6:30 p.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn. ..... 6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Neb. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. ..... 6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa .... 6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. ..... 8:00 p.m.

Won't you write your friends in any of the cities listed and ask them to listen in and send Dr. Bradley their comments.

✦ ✦ ✦

BOOK REVIEW

EVERY SUNDAY

Read Dr. Bradley's "Religious Book of the Week" in "BOOK WEEK" of The Chicago Sun

---

CHURCH SERVICES RESUMED

SUNDAY MORNING—September 19th ..... 11:00 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—November 7th ..... 7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast

Dr. Bradley on tour of inspection with honor students at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where he addressed the Graduating Class May 31, 1943. Dr. Bradley was introduced by Captain J. S. Freeman, Executive Officer. Honor students' ratings were: Alfred A. Burling, 93.35; Richard W. Yellin, 98.6; Salem L. Corey, 91.73.

(Official U. S. Navy Photograph)

OFFICER ARRIVES TO SPEED SERVICEMEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"Mail packages between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15, and Army will deliver them," he pledges.

"The armed services and the public consider mail one of the most important factors in the conduct of the war. Every overseas soldier will get his Christmas package if it is mailed between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15."

This was the assurance given by Maj. Burris C. Jackson of the Army postal service who arrived in Chicago recently to consult with service organizations and postal groups concerning Christmas mail for members of the overseas armed services. Maj. Jackson has been assigned by Maj. Gen. James A. Ulio and Brig. Gen. C. S. Adams to perfect a nationwide system which will facilitate delivery of all Christmas packages for U. S. fighters.

Mailing Instructions

The following instructions to make mailing easy for civilians were issued by Maj. Jackson:

1. Address packages plainly, giving full name of the service man or woman, including grade, serial number, service organization and unit and post office through which mail is sent, such as New York or San Francisco.

2. All packages should be securely packed and wrapped.

3. Postage must be fully prepaid.

4. For the 30-day period of mailing it is not necessary to have the usual request from a serviceman and APO cancellations are being relaxed.

Five Pounds Is Limit

"Packages must not exceed five pounds in weight," added Major Jackson. "They must not be more than 15 inches long or 36 inches in length and girth. Perishable articles will not be accepted. Both the war and postal departments discourage mailing of fragile articles.

"You may not know it, but about ten per cent of overseas mail is misaddressed and many packages arrive with contents damaged or destroyed. Mailers should realize packages are transported great distances under all kinds of conditions."

Maj. Jackson is on a duration leave as postmaster of Millsboro, Texas, is Past President of the Texas Postmasters' Association and vice president of the National Postmasters' Association.

"Our Army postal service is made up of experienced postal men who will return to that service after the war," he said.

Taken from Dr. Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

There is not much use in talking about a world neighborhood, if we do not give evidence of our neighborliness to the person who lives next door. There is not much use in talking about patriotism to our country, if we are not loyal to the block in which we live. Abraham Lincoln, though he had the world vision, the world conception and the world philosophy, was no less loyal to Sangamon County in which he lived.

The person who is truly great becomes greater the more you know about him.

"THIRTY-ONE YEARS IN A FREE PULPIT"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

JUNE 13, 1943.

I KNOW what you expect of me this morning; you expect that Doctor Bradley is going to talk about 31 years of his pastorate in the Church and that I am going to grow reminiscent and talk about the past and that I am going to evidence my antiquity by becoming retrospective. Well, I am going to fool you.

I could talk about the past, it has been a great past and no man has been more fortunate in his friends and workers than I have been; no man. And no man has been more fortunate in the loyalty and the tolerance and the understanding of the people to whom I have had the privilege of preaching during these past 31 years. I could talk about it the whole period of the sermon, so I don't want you to think that I under-estimate the importance of the past, not at all, but between you and me, now this is just between us, I feel that I am just getting started.

When I came to this pulpit 31 years ago, I was a much younger man, and very much wiser. I knew more the first five years of my ministry than I have ever known since about everything. I started out with the enthusiasm of those days to save the world. That was my job, I was going to save the world and I had all the burden of it on my shoulders. I never had any youth anyway, I was always way beyond my years as a youngster, and that may be one of the reasons why I am getting childish in my old age; I am trying to catch up on what I missed the first 25 years of my life. But I felt the burden of the world and I was going right out to save it. I worked at that—there are people in Church that heard that first sermon. We have not seen people coming in and out in a constant procession every six months or so; the finest people in this Church stay. Any preacher, it makes no difference who he is, if he is worth his salt, has to have two doors to his Church; one where he preaches them in, and the other where he preaches them out; and I have preached my share out, I will admit that. At almost every service somebody walks down the aisle and says: "Well, I will never go to that church again, nor hear that man preach again; they not only laughed in church, but they laughed out loud!" Then they cool off and a month or six weeks later I see them sneaking back into the auditorium.

Do you know what I did last night in my study all by myself? I was thinking about this service and the summer and the work which I am going to try to do, and all the winter, and I said, "You know, I think I will get out and read one or two of those old sermons." I never read anything of mine, not even a sermon, after it is in print; I never read anything I write after it is in print—I hope you are not that way, but I am. So, I took two or three of the old sermons, and the people who printed those sermons are here this morning. When I think about records of church attendance it seems sometimes as though we were breaking record after record. I learned only this week that our Church Secretary, Mrs.

Thomas A. Harrison, who united with this Church in 1920, 23 years ago, has never missed one service, morning, evening or Wednesday evening, in all those 23 years. That's our record. That's a better record than I have. I have been here 31 years; to be exact it will be 31 years on the 7th day of next month, but in the 31 years I have never missed but 4 services. God has been good to me, very good. I started out back there and I said "I am going to save the world." Now, I was very young; it was a great age; and I worked at it for about two years and came to the conclusion I had picked out too much territory. I said, "Now, I cannot save this whole world, so I will confine myself to the United States. I will just go ahead and save the United States." So, I worked at that for another year or so, and I was captivated by a man who came into a political convention here in Chicago, endorsed in the Presidential Preference Primary Convention, Theodore Roosevelt, and that convention proceeded to do what a great many political conventions always do; it started throwing out the delegates who did not fit into the scheme and started to apply the steam roller to the convention. Theodore Roosevelt was very mad, and there are people here who were there, and Theodore Roosevelt walked out of that convention in 1912 and he was angry, and on the way 300 or 400 of us walked with him. The convention was being held at the Coliseum on Wabash Avenue and we walked over to Michigan Avenue and on the way we acquired a couple of bands. We cannot do much in Chicago without a band, so we got a couple of bands and we marched down Michigan Avenue and into Orchestra Hall, and when Theodore Roosevelt went by me his coat tails were sticking out straight behind him and his fists were clenched, and that committee was going to try his delegates as to their rights to be seated in the convention. They all stood up and started singing "Onward Christian soldiers." I do not know yet why they sang it, because there were not many soldiers there and very few Christians. Teddy was an idol of mine; I was with him the day he was shot in Milwaukee; and he got up and clenched his fists and started shouting, and the young fellow sitting along side of me turned to me and said, "Preston, here is our chance! Now I believe we can save the United States," and that young fellow and I, within a couple of days, went to the LaSalle Hotel to see Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who later became Governor of Pennsylvania, a national character. He was chairman of the Speakers' Bureau then, and he looked at us and said: "What do you young fellows want?" And I said: "Mr. Pinchot, this young man thinks that he is the greatest orator for his age in this State, and I know I am. We have come to see you about going out and saving the United States; we want to campaign for Theodore Roosevelt." "Well," he said, "you look as though you meant it." "We do," I said, and we went to work and we spoke four, five and six times every day and at a mass meeting every night, and I don't know but what we did save the United States; we elected Woodrow Wilson, President. But it was a little discouraging, and I thought that I had again picked out too much territory, and that other young man, I must pause to pay tribute to him. Had he lived until this hour there isn't any doubt but what he would have been in the United States Senate today and a very, very definite candidate to be reckoned with for the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1944. He became a distinguished educator. That friend was Dr. Glenn Frank, who, until he met

with that tragic automobile accident which caused his death was President of the University of Wisconsin. He went out with me in those far off days in 1912 to save the United States.

Then I said, "I think I had better confine myself to the State of Illinois." Things did not just turn out there, and I said, "I live in Chicago, it is to be my home, perhaps I had just better content myself the rest of my ministry with doing something about Chicago."

Then I felt, in those early days, "I have got to do something about religion; I think I had better put the world straight on religion." Those early sermons! O, those sermons! Remember when I preached a series in the Theater "Why I was not a Roman Catholic"? "Why," I said, "all I have got to do is to get up and tell the world why I am not a Roman Catholic, and the Roman Catholics will go out of business; they will have to lock up every church door and that will settle it." I went to work on the Roman Catholics, and after the last sermon I preached on why I was not a Roman Catholic, the Archbishop of the Diocese of Chicago answered me very effectively, for almost within the sound of my voice he consecrated and dedicated one of the great Roman Catholic Churches of this City, St. Mary's of the Lake, and at last reports the old Church is going along all right, and it may survive.

Then the war came along about that time. . . . I promised not to reminisce, but I am doing it, I got into it and I must now get out of it . . . and I said, "Everybody is getting interested in spiritualism,"—they always do when there is a war on, there is always a new awakening about spiritualism when you get mass death, a certain psychological factor here not important for me to talk about at the moment. I said, "I will settle that too." I was very young, but as I told you, very smart, so I went to work on spiritualism. I got every spook out of the dark all lined up; I went after spiritualism; you never heard anything like it; and what do you think happened? After I gave that series of sermons a dear little old lady, a lovely little bit of bric-a-brac, came tiptoeing down the aisle after the service and demolished the whole business of spiritualism. She looked at me with a ghostly stare on her face and said, "O, brother Bradley, all the time you were speaking this morning I saw, standing by your side in perfect materialization, Henry Ward Beecher." What are you going to do with a world like that?

A lot of my preacher friends got very much excited, and they still do, about Christian Science. Every once in a while they open up on Christian Science, and everything they say evidences that they do not know one essential thing about Christian Science, but that does not prevent them from attacking it. If we could confine our attacks on people to what we know rather than what we guess, it would be a far different world for us all. One of the greatest tragedies that ever settled down upon the world has been this tragedy of people criticizing and attacking another's race, another's color, another's creed, another's life on the basis of their own prejudices or their own superstition, rather than upon their own knowledge. If we could, all of us, stop now condemning or criticizing another until we know the facts, it would be a better world. The French have a proverb which you have all heard, and in which I believe: "To know all is to forgive all," and that is basically true. None of us know the battles and struggles and tears that others are having; we do not know the battles they have to make, and we don't know the environment, perhaps, in

which they live, and we stand on the sidelines and criticize and condemn. What right had I to speak about Roman Catholicism? I did not know anything about it. What right had I to speak about spiritualism? I was not authenticated at the time by any deep, penetrating, analytical study of the facts myself. It was but the echo of my own prejudice. Most of them are the echoes of our own prejudices. Everything we say is an echo. You hear people make remarks about Jews, about colored people, about Chinese, about this, that and the other thing, and those remarks are but the echoes of their own prejudices. We have got to do something about weeding out our prejudices if we are ever going to get the world straightened out. And so I said, "I guess I will go after the Christian Scientists," and I went after Christian Science and I preached a whole series of sermons on why I was not a Christian Scientist, and then I wound up by marrying one, and I have been very happy for about 29 years of my life. Now, wasn't that silly?

And so I look back upon some of the negative, critical, attacking years of my ministry when I was storming the rooftops with condemnation and criticism; and then at last I found the better way; not compromising with truth, not failing ever to stand for my convictions when I believed I was right, and I have been both right and wrong. I do not mean any spineless, jellyfishlike quality of character when I use the word "tolerance,"—tolerance is not acquiescence in another's point of view. Tolerance is a word sometimes that I almost wish we could discard. There is a better word than tolerance, because tolerance sometimes seems to predicate that we "tolerate" another's point of view—just "tolerate." We say, "Your point of view is wrong, but you are entitled to your point of view," and we tolerate a point of view. I think there is a better word, and that word is "understanding" the other point of view; it is better than tolerance.

Never once have I compromised when the question or quality of truth was involved as I saw it, but here is the basis of tolerance: I have been ready, and I continue to be so, to grant to everyone full expression of the "Four Freedoms." There are not four, there are forty; there are not forty, there are 4,000 freedoms, but it has been classified into four, and for general terms they are quite satisfactorily inclusive of the whole area of what is intimated by the philosophy of freedom. But here is the point I wish to make on this matter of tolerance. I have been willing, and am willing, and will continue to be, and will cooperate with every person of any church, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Orthodox, Liberal, Modernistic, Prophetical, Holiness, to maintain their right to worship according to their way: that I shall do. But, ladies and gentlemen, is it enough that you are willing to grant the other their point of view and stand helplessly by under the imperative of your own philosophy and permit them to attack your point of view and your church, and feel that you should do nothing about that under the name of tolerance? That's the difference! What I, myself, am willing to grant or my church is willing to grant to another church, Catholic, Lutheran, or any other kind, we have a perfect right to demand from them. They should grant us the same kind of treatment that we accord in tolerance toward them. That's the principle! Tolerance does not only work one way! You would be surprised sometimes at the letters of criticism which I receive when I would be constructively critical. They say, "You believe in tolerance. You should not say this; you are tolerant."

They can say anything they please, of course, but I, because I am tolerant, I must not say a word! Now, it takes two to be tolerant; not only the Protestants toward the Catholics, but the Catholics toward the Protestants; not only the Protestants toward the various groups of Protestants, but the various groups of Protestants toward those who are tolerant toward them, and you don't have to sacrifice one element of truth. And so, ladies and gentlemen, what I gladly and willingly grant to all the rest, is it not all right for me to expect from them? I think that is the very heart and soul of tolerance. And so, for all these years, I have preached the Brotherhood of Man. I believe supremely in everyone's right to make themselves articulate and develop personality to function in human society; and now we face the future.

I consider that the necessity for this Church, and the point of view of this Church, will increase so tremendously in the next few years, that our finest and best work is ahead of us, and not behind. We are going to face within a few months, such a distinct world challenge, of such immense proportions, that anything we have experienced yet in the successful propagation of war will be considered of little importance —the greatest challenge is yet to come! The greatest potential hour will dawn when the last shot of this war is fired! It will not be either the heartaches, or the tears that we must have now; or the sacrifices that we must make now. The future which is before us all will be so impregnated with distinct challenge in every area of life, economic, industrial, international, religious, educational, scientific, that the Church of Tomorrow which maintains its emphasis on three very simple, very fundamental and very beautiful things as the basis of its message, will be the Church which will recapture the loyalty of the people; and some of the 63 millions of people, more than one-half of the people of the United States of America, who never darken the door of any church, Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant, will turn and look at that citadel of sustaining and creative power which will bring such a stabilization to individual lives, not in some great mass movement of spectaular or emotional conversion, not in some renaissance of a 13th century theology, not in some plan of salvation which cannot possibly command the respect of any truly informed person, which will not evidence religion in forms of spasmodic emotionalism coming out of our own illiteracy and induced by our fears and superstitions, but the Church of Tomorrow and the Church which I hope to live long enough to see flourish in all of its beauty, will be the Church of Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing; the Church, as Theodore Parker says, that "does not go groaning and mewling on its hands and knees, weeping and crying over the sins of people, but a Church that will embrace the whole area of art, music, literature, poetry, drama; a Church that will take the best of philosophy, of psychology, and will rise and sublimate the beautiful eternal truths of God simply and beautifully. It will give those truths to the individual struggling in this world to help to keep it steady on the keel of human history, and will demand the full intellect, the complete loyalty, the best that the mind and heart of man can possibly express; and the one place to receive the inspiration and power for that excellency of life, the best of everything, will be found in the simple rudiments, the unimpeachable culture of a spiritual personality. The three things that this Church must stand for, and I must preach to the exclusion of everything else when the debates come,

(Concluded on page 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

THROUGH the spring, summer, and now the September days, America has faced the greatest crisis of her history. There were days when everything seemed rather dark and gloomy—days and nights when brave men were being battered and beaten; days when our unblemished banner, spangled with stars, was riddled with pagan bullets and shattered by tyrants' fury; days when many an American mother felt an indescribable pang at the ring of the doorbell, and greeted a telegraph messenger with agony, but with pride and courage; days when problems at home seemed more than we could solve; days when "right seemed chained to the scaffold and wrong sat on the throne." There were times when the challenge of trying to keep one's readers aware of the permanency of the good, and of the fact that right, and reason, and justice and honor could not fail, was a great challenge.

The reactions of some of our people we knew quite well. We have been a free people. We have experienced the joy of freedom. We could say, could go, could eat, could drink, could spend, could live—pretty much as we pleased. Being unrestricted, uncontrolled, unregulated was a part of our lives. We gloried in it. We loved it. We lived in a country where an iron-puddler could become an Andrew Carnegie; a patent medicine peddler a John D. Rockefeller; and a boy whose first job was sweeping out a grocery store could become a Marshall Field. We had the open schoolhouse at every crossroads—a church in every village and a college just over the hill. We blazed trails through unmarked forests and made paths across uncharted prairies. We burrowed in the earth and found rivers of oil and unlimited deposits of coal. We harnessed rivers and made them our servants to light, heat and power a growing people. We fought wars—first against a government which would tax but not permit representatives of the taxes to share in the administration of the government; and in the winning of that war taught a great and noble people a new method in dealing with their future colonization. And then a tragedy broke out among us and for four long and bloody years we were in the agony of a family conflict, but one

which resulted in dignifying labor and making it impossible for any among us to bear the stigma of slavery, while at the same time we broke the shackles of serfdom from the wrists of black men, and through it all remained—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all; and when the rafters of our house seemed about to fall, the arms of the mighty Lincoln held them firm. Then, when the people of Cuba and the Philippines were suffering from the tyranny and cruelties of barbaric masters, our guns thundered at Santiago, and Dewey's ships rode majestically in Manilla Bay—where once again our flag will fly on Corregidor and Bataan, when MacArthur goes back in triumph, as he will.

Yes, these are good days to review the past, and it is incredible that there should be one among us whose heart does not quicken and whose blood does not flow a little faster, when we think of yesterday, until one can say with the poet, "Beathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land'."

And now, our country is in trouble—grave trouble. Perhaps we do not appreciate or understand the soul of America until we are in trouble. When we had everything we wanted, could go anywhere we chose, eat what we liked—perhaps we didn't quite realize just how great this nation really is and what it really means. Perhaps success and ease and security and comfort blinded us here and there. Perhaps we had forgotten what it all cost—someone, somewhere, sometime. Perhaps we thought we were entitled to all these things because of the mere accident of being born where we were. And then, when there appeared among us those who chanted the virtues and excellencies of other systems and other doctrines of government, some doubted the virtues of their own nation, and some were unresponsive to the cruelty, starvation, imprisonment, torture and death of thousands of human beings. Then one clear morning, out of a blue sky, came the hissing, screaming bombs which fell on Pearl Harbor—then we understood!

Now the tide has turned. Our boys are on all the battlefronts and outposts of the world and we are not going to bicker about boundary lines or post-war maps—we are going to win a war!!! We are going to win it everywhere along the line—win it inside America as well as in the outposts; win it in your town and mine. Win it on the farm, in the forest; win it in the slums, win it everywhere; knowing that a nation which could do what we have done in less than 300 years—a nation which could produce the brains, the character, the workers, the leaders, to make this country, will possess brains and character enough to preserve that nation in any crisis of its life.

I never believed in this country and in its future more than I do today. I never believed in its people, its institutions, its ideals, more than I do today. I never believed in my fellow man more than I do today. I never had more faith than I have today. To live and work in this hour is the greatest privilege man has ever known. To be worthy of that high privilege is my desire, my hope, my ambition.

This faith, this confidence, I have tried to put in every editorial. Whatever the future has for me, our country, and for you, may we, with the poet Browning, "Greet the unseen with a cheer." May we all live to hear "Bluebirds sing over the white cliffs of Dover" and "Tulips bloom in Holland again" with Italy turning to her Mazzini and Garribaldi—France to her Rousseau and Chateaubriand—may

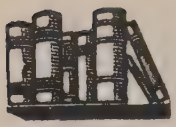
Ole Bull's violin be heard again in Norway and sing again the songs of Grieg and the poetry of Henrik Ibsen. May Poland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, yes, Finland and Sweden, too, breathe the pure air of freedom; may all the persecuted and hunted of the earth be liberated from the scorching breath of madmen and tyrants. May Plato and Socrates walk the streets of Athens, and may little children everywhere be unafraid—while nowhere on all the earth will any man be hurt, killed, imprisoned or tortured because of his creed, faith, race or color. You say to me, "that sounds well, but it is only a dream." I answer back, "Yes, it is only a dream, but it is God's dream." And then the lights—the lights will go on—all over the world—light! You and I have no other business now than to see to it that these lights are never put out again. You ask me "what will that cost?" Again I reply—"Cost! Since when has man been able to set a price on freedom. *It is priceless!*" And so, "Hats off for the past, coats off for the future!"

"Thirty-One Years In A Free Pulpit"

(Concluded from page 8)

and they are coming, they are already upon us; there will be an era of controversy. By the time the political conventions have been held and nominations made, there will be a controversial America such as we have never known. There are already rumblings of race riots, strikes, already issues are being tightly drawn, press, radio, books, sermons, are beginning to reflect the immensity of the debate which will hold this nation and increase every hour, and if we can keep our poise, keep our intelligence at work, keep our sense of values, keep ourselves spiritually sensitive to the great eternal truths of God, and have FAITH, without which no nation or church can live, FAITH in its future; and HOPE, without which the soul becomes arid and pulseless and dies; and LOVE, which binds it all together into one great beautiful unity; that Church will stand out above the debates, above arguments, above the crash and clatter and din of the world to come. It will stand a living, beautiful, vibrant thing, and when that hour dawns, and it will, and when the peoples, broken, bruised, bleeding, sad, starving, hungry peoples of the world, and there will be 500 millions of them left when this war is over—when that day dawns and man's hope is reborn, his faith is reestablished, and his love manifested again to his fellowmen; when that day dawns and the last shot and the last bit of shrapnel has finally been fired and every warship is at anchor, and every submarine is on the surface, and every soldier's bayonet is stacked and every plane and bomber is grounded, and there sweeps around the world the words: "The war is over" and the lights, the beautiful lights, go on again all over the world, they will be lights of faith, and hope, and love; and we have no other task in that world than to see to it that those lights are never put out again.

The past is beautiful and I am grateful; the future lures to a still greater greatness."



BOOK CHATS

I AM writing the Book Chats for this month on my birthday—August 18th. You are probably reading them in mid-September. For several days now I have noticed that everyone on our little island always runs down to the dock ahead of me when the mail-boat arrives on its daily afternoon stop. There have been several packages put ashore, which were carefully guarded from my eyes, yet I could guess what they contained from just a glimpse, for all during the year I receive many books, and I know what a package looks like that contains a book. My annual birthday celebration is always a happy one. My friends and loving members of my family make it so. No one who wants to remember me on my natal day ever has any difficulty in selecting a present, for all they need to do is to send along a book—and I am happy. I am sure this is going to be a book birthday for me, but it is too early for me to talk about the books, for I haven't seen one of them, as I am writing these words in early morning. I will tell you about them next month.

* * *

What a fall this will be for books! For several days I have been going through the fall and winter catalogs of the publishers. I cannot recall any fall in the more than forty in which I have been interested in books, when the titles were more luring, vital and attractive. It makes me almost wish I could abandon all other work and just sit down and read and read and read. Because of the number of offerings it makes careful discrimination all the more necessary. Obviously all the books one would like to read cannot be read. When I think of my fall and winter schedule—a part of which I have just seen—I realize how difficult it will be to decide on the books to read. I know there will be about 26 books which must be known thoroughly and intimately for the regular Wednesday Book Lecture will require it. I shall decide soon on the first four or five books to be discussed in the beginning weeks of the lectures. While the book lectures will not begin until the first Wednesday in November, I always plan to have my preparation such that I am about a month ahead all through the season. I dislike being further ahead because of the possibility of some important books coming out which I want to talk about soon after publication.

During the summer I have decided on several books which I am going to review during the Wednesday Book Lectureship. The books I have chosen are undated and will be considered important long after the last bomb of this war has fallen. One of these is the long overdue book about Paine. I shall have much to say about "Citizen Tom Paine" by Howard Fast. And then the recent book of Lin Yutang will also be included. I shall spend very few evenings with the novels. In fact, I haven't read but one this summer, and that was an old novel called "The Old Man's Birthday," published by Little, Brown & Co., in 1935, and written by Richmal Crompton Lanburn. It was one of Mrs. Bradley's favorites and she has been urging me to read it for several summers. I finally listened to her pleas and how glad I

am she was so persistent. It is one of the finest novels I have ever read and if you can find it, you, too, will thank me for calling your attention to it. I may use it some Wednesday evening this season.

"Western Star" by Stephen Vincent Benet is another choice I have already made. His untimely death leaves a gap in our writing ranks which no one can possibly fill. His understanding of the forces which contributed to the making of this America of ours is exceeded by no writer, philosopher, statesman or educator among us. Once again we discover that the true historian is the poet and no one is more sensitive to the undercurrents which make for civilization than the poet. I am anticipating a great evening on the night I talk about "Western Star" and its author. How Emerson, Burroughs, Whitman and Thoreau would have welcomed Stephen Vincent Benet!

* * *

The great majority of books coming from the publishers deal with the contemporary scene in some aspect. Never did an era of history inspire a wider diversity of treatment by all kinds, degrees and conditions of writers. Never so many interpreters, analyzers, protagonists, theorists and critics at work as now; never so many people who knew so much about so much. We sometimes wonder where all these good people were and what they were doing when the forces which brought about this hour were beginning to reveal themselves. Some of the most authoritative voices and most reliable pens were being vocative in clarion tones, but went unheeded. Others, quite belatedly, are just now beginning to understand what it is all about. Some, like Walter Lippman, bravely and squarely acknowledge how wrong they were twenty years ago. Others are not so courageous and honest. It will be interesting to know how some of these writers and speakers will be appraised when the historian a hundred years hence attempts to portray this age. Time is the great verifier. "Time will tell" is the great fact. The difference between a man of genius and one of mediocrity is that the man of genius can anticipate the verdict of time. The little man just goes ahead, blustering bombastically his pet prejudices and exploding his favorite theories with no conception of historical values or understanding of historical processes. Time will winnow out the chaff from the wheat, and when it does there will probably not remain ninety per cent of the books now being written. Every person desiring a clear conception of this climactic hour faces the difficulty of deciding which books have "eternity in their hearts" and which books are born but to meet an early and deserved death. Many books during these past five years have created a great furor for a few weeks and then are heard of no more. The critics acclaim them as "the greatest book yet written on the subject," or "the finest novel yet written," or use a hundred other superlative epithets and then—oblivion.

Of all the books yet written which attempt to portray the involved character of the German people, none is creating more enduring attention than Dr. Richard M. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" I read the book in the week of publication. I have been watching its reception in all quarters since. I have been reading everything I could find about it. I have watched with great interest the steady growth which it has had. So important do I consider this book, I am planning to use it—not once, but perhaps three evenings—in the book lectureship. How anyone could possibly do justice to it in one evening is beyond me. Dr.

Brickner's contribution has aroused intense argument. Many treat it with ridicule and derision. Some of the most condemnatory comments have come from those quarters which surprise no one.

In a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature (a publication I never miss) six eminent and universally accepted men in the field of Psychiatry have issued a statement which incorporates ten reasons for their acceptance of the main thesis of the book. In clear, concise terms they state their reasons for accepting his soundness and conclusion. They agree that Dr. Brickner's argument seems to be wholly valid, both scientifically and practically. These reasons I shall incorporate in my discussion. In the meantime, if you haven't read this book, please do so. We all need to understand the contributing factors which have brought the German people to their Gethsemane. One cannot dismiss the judgments of men like Dr. Kubie, associate in Neurology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City; Dr. Stecker, professor of Psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Ruggles, superintendent Butler Hospital, Providence, Rhode Island; Dr. Jelliffe, New York Post Graduate Hospital; Dr. Levy, former chief of staff, Institute of Child Guidance, New York City; and Dr. Lowrey of the New York School of Social Work and former president of the Orthopsychiatric Association.

* * *

Autobiography has always been one of my major literary interests. I assume it is the most difficult form of writing. To tell the story of one's own life—all the story—is a challenge which only a few have accomplished in the realm of letters. The great autobiographies in our language could be counted on your two hands. It was with most pleasant anticipation I welcomed the new book by Stewart Edward White, which he appropriately calls "Speaking For Myself." Perhaps "Speaking of Myself" would have been more accurate. For years I have been reading Stewart Edward White. He wrote "The Cabin," one of the finest out-of-door books in our language. Stewart Edward White knows the outdoor America from California to Alaska from intimate association on his many camping expeditions. This book is an explanatory one, for it reveals the influence of an author's many experiences, in enabling him to produce fine novels. I am grateful to one of my favorite writers for giving us such an illuminating account of a richly and completely lived life.

* * *

I have recently given away about 1,000 books from my library. Selecting the books which I was to part from for life was a sad task, but it had to be done. Our home was filled with books—books everywhere—and so some books had to go and are now available to the people of Tower, Minnesota. They have become the nucleus of a free public library for our community, where we have spent so many happy summers, and which never had a library. They will bring many a pleasant and profitable hour to the students and people of Tower during long winter evenings which are ahead. We only possess what we share, and the books which I have loved and read can now be shared, and they are mine as they never were when reposing on my own shelves.

* * *

Don't forget—church opens Sunday morning, September 19th, and I will be looking for you!

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"
Lake Vermilion,
August 15th.

Dear Friends:

When it comes time to prepare "copy" for the September Liberalist we know that the curtain has been drawn on summer and the next scene will be autumn. Colors in the garden are changing even now, with tall tiger lilies making splashes of vivid orange, calendulas golden, zinnias and phlox all the gorgeous autumn shades known to nature's artist! At day's end the sun sets in a glory of flame, brilliant orange, crimson and violet, painting the sky in all directions, the east almost as colorful as the glowing west. When there are clouds to catch up the color in fantastic array, the panorama becomes so fascinating we stay out, watching the kaleidoscopic, changing scene, even though the air becomes chill the instant the sun has dropped, and logs burning in the sitting-room fireplace are inviting. At midday the sunshine is delightfully warm, the cloudless sky deep, deep blue, reflected in the sparkling lake. There is a stillness to these days that is exquisitely restful. It seems as though nature wanted to pause and quietly enjoy to the fullest the beauty of it all before frost and cold wind destroy. These August nights are bright as day with a tremendous harvest moon sailing the sky, turning the bay into a field of sparkling diamonds, and the trees trimmed with silver make a fairyland of the island, the mainland shore and the distant hills, all so beautiful it does not seem real!

Soon we will be planning the date for returning to the city and church life, and another summer will have passed into memory, a fresh church season opening for the thirty-second year.

* * *

Now shall we look into the Mail Bag? Here is a letter that pays such really lovely tribute to Dr. Bradley, I think I should give it to you. It was written during the commencement season in June, and says:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I would have given the world (if I owned it) could my mother have seen and heard you speak last night at the LaSalle-Peru commencement exercises. But mother, a pensioned teacher of our great Illinois, passed away last August. She never missed hearing your wonderful sermons over the air each Sunday, and your broadcasts through the week. How happy I would have been to take her to see you in person! Ten years ago this October, I represented my Eastern Star Chapter as its Worthy Matron at the Grand Chapter sessions in Medinah Mosque, Chicago, where I saw and heard you give the Invocation at the opening session. That, to me, was the outstanding part of the entire program, which lasted several days.

"Before you arose to speak last night, I wondered what you or any other speaker could tell high school graduates in troubled times like these. But you made people actually laugh whom I never knew could smile. In

the balcony where I sat, I saw people sitting on the edge of their chairs, trying desperately not to miss a word of what you had to say. One of our prominent doctors held his folded program back of his ear! There could be no doubt that you were the valedictorian of your class, even though you did say, apologetically, there were but sixteen seniors in it. Had there been sixteen hundred, you still would have outclassed them all. I have enjoyed reading the excellent books you have written. One of them I have re-read many times.

"May God give you strength to continue in your great work. America needs you badly. Sincerely, Adeline Janz."

F. E. Wright, publisher of "The Lexington Unit-Journal," has written this note of appreciation. Her own optimistic nature would make her appreciative of Dr. Bradley, that is certain! Her letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I am greatly enjoying your morning broadcasts, which are always inspirational, helpful and interesting. One morning this week your subject was especially for those who live alone, and as I am one of those who do, I found it unusually helpful. I do not live in one room, but in my own home and I am never lonesome nor bored. I find so many things to interest me every day, for life is so full for those who will let it be. I love people and books, music and writing and the many fine things which come in over the radio. I believe that no one can be grateful for the blessings of life who does not have a deep appreciation of them, and that therein lies the secret of happiness. So I want to thank you again, Dr. Bradley, for the great work you are doing in your broadcasts, as well as in the many other ways in which you are serving the public. Most sincerely yours, Florence E. Wright."

An interesting and cheery letter from a young person confined to his bed with heart trouble comes from New Market, Indiana. Someone may like to send him a helpful suggestion for the "Idea" he tells about:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I just heard your address pertaining to handicapped persons, and needless to say, I enjoyed it to the utmost degree, as I do all your helpful broadcasts.

"I am confined to bed, but only temporarily. For two and one-half years I have had to take it easy, due to an enlarged heart with two (or one) impaired valves. I am slowly improving. During the past year I have been able to do so very much more letter-writing, studying, and making potholders and Victory pins.

"I have often thought about writing to you, but, after consideration, have always decided not to. I know, in response to this single program, you will receive hundreds of letters. I write to tell you that I have gotten a tremendous amount of good from your spirit-building broadcasts. I could go on, Dr. Bradley, but suffice it to say: Thanks from the bottom of my heart.

"I write also to tell you about an IDEA, which another young friend and I are working on. We are going to try to publish and edit a small monthly magazine, devoted entirely to the welfare of persons who are confined to bed, or otherwise handicapped. Melvin, my associate, is sixteen, and is crippled. We are going to have biographies of persons who have overcome some physical defect, book reviews, and stories dealing with educational facilities for handicapped persons in foreign countries.

"Naturally the circulation will be rather small at first, but gradually it will be built up. We want contributors, ideas and suggestions.

"I believe I have kept you long

enough, Dr. Bradley. Would it be asking too much if I requested you to write me a letter—even a short one?

Very sincerely,
Wayne Gardner.
New Market, Indiana."

* * *

Here is a most interesting letter from a handicapped man, Dr. C. H. Collier, who is blind, practicing osteopathy, and doing a good turn wherever he finds the opportunity. The doctor writes:

"Dear Sir and Friend: I listen to your talks every morning when possible. Sometimes a patient comes in early and disturbs me. I was raised an orphan, my father having been killed in the Civil War. I had a good man to live with until I was fourteen, then I went to work in a hardware store, went into business for myself at 22, married at 23, got along very nicely until at 27 was struck in top of the head with a horse, which caused me to lose my sight and mind. They sent me to the asylum here without any hopes of recovery, but fortunately I did something one of the patients didn't like, and he struck me on the side of the head, and burst the tumor and I recovered. I went to the blind school for a year to learn to do things, although blind. When I returned home my wife wanted me to go to my mother's and stay, and she would teach school and take care of me. Families are often a detriment to blind people, especially with children telling them they can't do this, that and the other. I went on the road for the State Blind Home, traveled for them for 6 years, then went to Kirksville and studied osteopathy, which I have been practicing for forty years, with good results. I lost my wife seven years ago, which was worse than losing my sight, but I have a nice little family living with me, having no relatives this side of the western coast.

"I often have people trying to sympathize with me, but I generally tell them I would rather be blind than have some people's disposition. I have taken several people out of the insane hospital and kept several more from going there. I find that everything works together for good if we trust in the Lord. Well, this is enough of this. My hobby since I have gotten on my feet again is to help other people get homes. I have put five in homes and every one but one has made a success.

"Wishing you the best of success in all your work, I am Yours sincerely."

This kind note, forwarded from WGN, was sent by the secretary of the West Michigan Steel Foundry Co. As always, Dr. Bradley is glad to learn he has helped someone to find something he truly wants or needs. The letter follows:

"Gentlemen: During the pleasant broadcast this morning by Dr. Preston Bradley over your station, he made reference to a book on "Natural Laws," by an author by the name of Drenon or Drummond. I really was too excited to understand it properly, as I have been looking for years for a real book on natural laws.

"Will you please ask Dr. Bradley if he will be so kind as to give me the name of the book he referred to, and its author? If he knows of any other books he would recommend on natural laws, I would be thankful for his help.

"I listen to his program daily. He has helped me tremendously, and surely many thousands of his listeners. The sponsor and your good station should be commended."

* * *

When next we open the Mail Bag, we will be back in Chicago. We appreciate all your letters—so please keep them coming!

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

(From "The Guest Book" at "Arden")

A SOLILOQUY

"Dear Dr. and Mrs. Bradley,
and Jimmie, too:
(The King, the Queen, and the
Prince of "Arden")

AS WE turned down the mossy "B" lane last summer, and the silent, piney woods closed in upon us, I felt that this Cathedral aisle must lead to the very heart of the Forest of Arden. All city life shut out and far away, I entered a new, sweet world. The lane ended in a cloistered, ferny room, where a white deer lick gleamed before us like a snowy alabaster altar in the woods.

As I stepped through a narrow hallway of birches, out onto the mainland dock, Lake Vermilion shimmered in the sunlight, with Black Duck Island rising out of it less than a mile away. I said *"This* is Heaven!" When I sat down to supper on the generous woody-brown porch of Arden itself, and looked out upon Kill Kare Point and the Sea Gulls' Rock and the vast expanse of lake and sky and near and distant shores, I said again: "This *is* Heaven!" But it isn't. It's *much* more. It's Arden!!! which is much more interesting.

There's the outlook: a different scene from every viewpoint—and every spot incomparably lovely; a lively lake with silvery bays and inlets; islands of every type and size; far distant shores seen through channelways cut between the islands and jutting shorelines with solid forest on every shore. All these remind one of the Mediterranean, of Swiss villages at the shore of an Alpine Lake, or of lovely literary lines like "Land of the Sky Blue Water"—nothing I've ever really seen can match it.

Then there's the wild life—the deer and the birds—wild ducks, sea gulls, blue herons, hawks. As I write an eagle (a hawk just couldn't be so huge) swoops down and with terrific splashing carries off a fish from half a mile off-shore, and I watch for many minutes as he flies far away northward toward his home.

There's also the backward look, as the cruiser "Arden II," leaves the dock and we chug powerfully and swiftly up the lake and from the stern watch Black Duck until we round a bend and lose its rich, dark greenness, while ever-changing vistas open up fore, aft, to starboard and to portside, and our trip becomes one succession of oh's and ah's or, with others, of quiet, appreciative wonderment as the unfolding beauty bathes the soul and the day gradually becomes an enchanted memory, to live in the heart and mind forevermore.

There's a sunset or a sunrise—the ever-shifting clouds—the moon at night —or a darkening storm—distant or present—and the forest-lined shores of pointing pines and gleaming birches.

And there's Arden itself—so absolutely warm-brown and cozy, with its sprawling, unobtrusive comfort.

And there are people who frequent "Arden"—an interesting variety they —pavement-weary folk, come at the hospitable behest of the King and Queen of "Arden," and the Prince—folk who come to laugh, to sing, to play—and leave refreshed. There are the Prince's own artistic evenings in the lamplight's glow (no electric glare at "Arden")—and there are "Sings" on the moonlit dock and the game of "Guggenheim" et al.

Mayhap there's an overnight cruise on the "Arden II" and that's something

you'll always remember.

And the King and Queen who reign at "Arden"—*they* make "Arden" ARDEN!!!

And Anna and Kally—they help a whole lot! Then there's Dotty and Skipper and Gah Gah, too; sundry fish and what have you?

And "Arden" lifts you up—and you're never the same again. So I think it must be something like Old Erin.

Eternally grateful,
Ethel Wells Smalley.

POSTAL RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Mailing dates for Christmas gifts overseas this year are September 15 to October 15 for those addressed to army personnel, and September 15 to November 1 for those serving in the navy, marine corps and coast guard.

During these periods it will not be necessary to present a letter of request from the person to whom a package is addressed.

Parcels sent overseas are accepted at the risk of the sender and may not be insured or registered.

Not more than one parcel may be sent to the same person in any one week.

Christmas gifts for overseas delivery (including Alaska) must not weigh more than five pounds nor measure more than 15 inches in length, or 36 inches in length and girth combined.

All packages must be carefully wrapped and properly addressed.

Parcel Post rates for five-pound overseas Christmas gifts mailed from Chicago are as follows:

Via and in care postmaster, New York City, 33 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, New Orleans, La., 33 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Miami, Florida, 40 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Presque Isle, Me., 40 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, Seattle, Wash., 50 cents.

Via and in care postmaster, San Francisco, Cal., 50 cents.

TWO MONTHS ONLY

Only two months remain in which to plan and execute that work for THE BAZAAR. It is human nature to think —"Oh, well, two months—that's a long time." And you don't even plan. The best accomplishment is the result of definite, careful planning. The canning and preserving season is at hand. What will sell better than precious canned goods which require so many points in the store? Better plan now!

Remember how your mother always had a bit of handiwork in the sewing basket, to pick up at odd moments? Remember how many articles of fancy-work were completed in just that way —sewing at odd moments? Make a plan about it!

Shopping around in the summertime one sees so many odd and interesting little bits—attractive for a Bazaar booth. Plan to have a little spare change on hand to use at such moments—for the Bazaar! You won't miss that change, and it will give you a happy glow to have several little items to hand in for the Bazaar.

So plan—and plan—and plan. And you will reap—and reap—and reap!

P. B.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

SEPTEMBER PRODUCTION

"OUR TOWN"

Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," with its memories of high shoes, dust ruffles and picture hats with plumes, will be presented by popular request during the month of September. Dates of performance are

Friday and Saturday, September 3rd and 4th
Friday and Saturday, September 10th and 11th
Friday and Saturday, September 17th and 18th
Friday and Saturday, September 24th and 25th

Curtain at 8:30 p.m. Admission 55c.

J. Bradley-Griffin	Narrator
Dolores Meyer	Emily Webb
Robert van Brunt	George Gibbs
Marie Zoder	Mrs. Gibbs
Howard Cox	Mr. Gibbs
Joyce Jansen	Rebecca Gibbs
Waleigh Rasmussen	Mr. Gibbs, The Editor
Lorraine Hall	Mrs. Webb
Robert Forman	Wally Webb

(Together with an excellent supporting cast)

The Uptown Players have previously given excellent performances of this Pulitzer Prize Play. It is a delightful story of life as it really is, with its tragedy, humor, sordidness and beauty, as lived in many an American town. Whether you are familiar with the play or not will in no way detract from your enjoyment of it.

* * *

Members of Clubs of the First District of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs will visit the Uptown Players Center to see a special benefit performance of "Letters to Lucerne" on Wednesday, September 22nd

* * *

October Production—"Port of Chicago" by Alice Gerstenberg and Herma Clark.

* * *

NOTE:—Registration is now open for Fall Term in Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Body Control, Playwriting, Stage Design, Spanish, Work Shop, Art and Art Appreciation. Detailed information will be furnished upon request.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check____ Money Order____ for $1.50.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley

Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Stephanie M. Kratovil
Harry DuMont

(Continued on next page)

HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 22)

Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wagner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter

Dr. Bradley's Summer Engagements

AUGUST

1—Radio Sermon. WJJD
2—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
3—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
4—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
5—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
Cutting Records, St. Paul, Minn.
6—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
Cutting Records, St. Paul, Minn.
8—Radio Sermon. WJJD
9—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
10—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
11—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
12—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
13—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
15—Radio Sermon. WJJD
16—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
17—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
Address. Kiwanis Club, Virginia, Minn.
18—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
19—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
20—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
22—Radio Sermon. WJJD
23—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
24—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
25—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
26—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
27—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
28—Christian Brotherhood Meeting, (Union of all churches of Tower) St. James Presbyterian Church, Tower, Minn.
29—Radio Sermon. WJJD
30—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations
31—Radio Address. WGN and 9 other stations

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

OPENING SERVICE, PEOPLES CHURCH: SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 11:00 a.m. BROADCAST BY WJJD. OPENING SUBJECTS: SEPTEMBER 19th—"THINGS TO COME." SEPTEMBER 26th—"ON THE WATCH."

✦ ✦ ✦

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

EVERY SUNDAY—WJJD—Chicago ..... 11:00 a.m.

Daily, Monday Through Friday

WGN—Chicago, Ill.....7:15 a.m.	WOW—Omaha, Neb.....7:15 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn...6:30 p.m.	KSD—St. Louis, Mo.....7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. D...6:00 p.m.	KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo....6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark...7:45 a.m.	WHO—Des Moines, Iowa.6:00 p.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn...6:30 p.m.	KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. .....8:00 p.m.

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW FOR THE CHICAGO SUN—"BOOK WEEK"—"Religious Book of the Week"

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE RESUMED September 19th (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE RESUMED November 7th..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION RESUMED September 19th..... 9:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH RESUMED September 19th..... 11:00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES RESUMED November 3rd ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Meets every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall..... 9:30-4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Sec., Edg. 1735

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Miss Grace Rozanski, Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB RESUMED November 29th..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB RESUMED September 19th..... 4:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St.—Whi. 5257. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. September Play—"Our Town," by Thornton Wilder, opening September 3rd. Every Friday and Saturday. Curtain, 8:30 p.m. Admission 55c. For information concerning Thursday attractions and Studio Productions, telephone Whi. 5257. Sunday Evening Vesper Service, 5:00 to 6:00. Register now for Fall Term.

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

Student Assistant

John K. Hammon, Meadville School—
Hyde Park 2077

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Walter H. Hermsdorf, President
2130 Lincoln Park West — Lin. 6018

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. — Longbeach 9160

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

C. K. Anderson	H. B. Hunter
C. W. Denicke	Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Thos. A. Harrison	E. L. Roubinek, Jr.
Walter H. Hermsdorf	William M. Stickney

John N. Powell

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thos. A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. C. K. Anderson
Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Church Service Committee

Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Chairman
All members of the Board assisting
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Floral Chairman

Auditing Committee

Mr. W. M. Stickney, Chairman
Mr. H. B. Hunter

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chairman

Mrs. R. R. Flesher	Rudolph J. Olson
Mrs. Roy H. Monson	C. E. Appelquist
Mrs. A. S. Kredler	H. W. Vickerson

Membership Committee

H. B. Hunter, Chrm.	Mrs. Mary Thurlow
Max Treichel	Jack E. Kolinen
Mrs. L. Whitman	E. Kokoefer
Miss D. Thompson	R. R. Flesher

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mr. Walter H. Hermsdorf, Chairman
Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Literature Table — Mrs. Frank Bryan

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Emerson Abernethy, Choir Director
434 Aldine Av. — Buckingham 0181

Philip Jorgensen, Organist

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

C. W. Denicke, Superintendent
936 Margate Terrace — Longbeach 4328

Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

Mrs. Clara Kolinen, Secretary
2719 W. Medill — Humboldt 7304

USHERS' CLUB

Frank Bryan, President
4300 N. Bernard St. — Irv. 4459

Max Treichel, Vice-President
1700 N. Francisco Ave. — Arm. 2751

Ernest Janson, Treasurer
1050 W. Cornelia — Bit. 2579

Jack E. Kolinen, Secretary
2719 W. Medill Ave. — Hum. 7304

James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
944 Lawrence Ave.

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Ave. — Lon. 6878

Mrs. Fred C. Whitman, President
4546 Sheridan Road — Sun. 4893

Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Vice-President
2908 Estes Ave. — Rog. 5046

Mrs. Mark A. Miles, Rec. Secretary
919 W. Carmen Ave. — Sun. 7898

Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Secretary
4608 Hazel Ave. — Edg. 1735

Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Treasurer
2304 Farwell Ave. — Amb. 0561

Directors

Mrs. Frank Bryan, Miss Ethel Fowler, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. Edward Nolte and Mrs. John Wohlfarth.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
6609 N. Campbell Ave. — Bri. 9035

Miss Dorothy Young, Vice-President
1717 Chicago Ave., Evanston — Gre. 6168

Mrs. Jane Jones, Rec. Secretary
1261 Argyle St.

Miss Grace Rozanski, Corr. Secretary
1434 Thome Ave. — Bri. 6914

Miss Dolly Kolberg, Treasurer
5449 N. Glenwood Ave. — Sun. 6850

MEN'S CLUB

Harry H. Perry, President
600 Barton Ave., Evanston, Ill.

L. H. Dall, Vice-President
8912 Skokie Blvd., Skokie, Ill.

Oscar J. Smith, Secretary
1029 N. Lockwood Ave.

John F. Langhoff, Treasurer
2832 Eastwood Ave.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
The Uptown Players Center
1219 N. LaSalle St. — Whi. 5257

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

Frank Rose, President
4008 N. Sheridan Road — Amb. 3880

Barbara Murphy, Secretary
5118 N. Lincoln Ave. — Edg. 3499

JUNIOR CHURCH

John K. Hammon, Student Asst., Director

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION COUNCIL

Miss Adelaide M. Thomason, Chairman
Sheridan-Plaza Hotel — Ard. 4626

Books By
Dr. Preston Bradley

"Courage For Today"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Mastering Fear"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Power From Right Thinking"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Life and You"
—HARPERS—$1.50

"New Wealth For You"
—STOKES—$1.50

"Meditations"
—PULPIT PRAYERS—$1.00

"My Daily Strength" (New)
—DAILY INSPIRATIONAL READINGS
AND PRAYERS——$1.00

At All Booksellers Everywhere

Books For These Days